S71.

AN

Exmoor Scolding,

BETWEEN

TWO SISTERS,

Wilmot Moreman, & Thomaſin Moreman,

As they were ſpining.

ALSO, AN

EXMOOR COURTSHIP,

BOTH

In the Propriety and Decency

OF

THE EXMOOR DIALECT,

DEVON:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A Tranſlation of the Same,

Into plain Engliſh.

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AN EXMOOR SCOLDING.

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE.

Thomaſin. LOCK! *Wilmot*, vor why vor ded'ſt roily zo upon ma up to *Challacomb* Rowl? —Ees dedent thenk tha had'ſt a be zich a Labbo' tha Tongue. —What a Vengance! wart betwatled, or wart tha baggaged;—or had'ſt tha took a Shord, or a paddled?

Wilmot. I roily upon tha, ya gurt, thonging, banging, muxy Drawbreech? — Noa, 'twas *thee* roil'ſt upon *me* up to *Doraty Vogwill's* Upzitting, whan tha *vungſt* (and to be hang'd to tha!) to *Rabbin.*— Should zem tha wart zeek arter Me-at and Me-al —And zo tha mearſt, by ort es know, wey guttering; as gutter tha wutt whan tha com'ſt to good Tackling. — But zome zed *Shoor and ſhoor tha did'ſt bet make wiſe, to ſee nif tha young* Joſy Heaff-field *wou'd come to zlack thy boddice, and whare a wou'd be O vore or no.*——Bet 'twas the old Diſyeaſe, Chun.

Thomaſin. Hey go! What Diſyeaſe deſt me-an, ya gurt duggedteal'd, ſwapping, rouſling Blowze? Ya gurt Roile, tell ma. Tell ma, a zey, what Diſyeaſe deſt me-an?—Ad! chell ream my Heart to tha avore Iſe let tha lipped.—Chell tack et ou wi' tha to tha true Ben fath! Tell ma, a zey, what Diſyeaſe deſt me-an, that tha zeſt cham a troubled wey?

Wilmot. Why; ya purting

TRANSLATED.

Thomaſin. ALACK! *Wilmot*, wherefore did'ſt thou rail ſo againſt me up to *Challacomb* Revel?—I did not think thou had'ſt been ſuch a Blab.—In the name of Vengeance! wer't befooled, or bewitched;—or had'ſt thou taken a Cup, or got fuddled?

Wilmot. I rail againſt thee, you great, longing, unwieldy, dirty Draggle-tail?—No, *thou* rail'ſt againſt *me*, at *Dorothy Fogwell's* Chriſtening-Feaſt, when thou ſtood'ſt Godmother (hang thee!) to *Robin.*—It ſeems thou wert ſick after Meals —and ſo thou migh'ſt, for aught I know, with guttling; as guttle thou wilt when thou comeſt to good Victuals—— But ſome ſaid, *Truely thou did'ſt but counterfeit: to try whether the young* Joſeph Heathfield *would come to ſlacken thy Stays, and whether hewould be anxious about thee or not.*—But 'twas thy old Diſeaſe, Quean.

Thomaſin. Heydey! What Diſeaſe doſt mean, you great draggletail'd, clumſy, ruſtling Slammerkin? you great Hoyden, tell me. Tell me, I ſay, what Diſceaſe doſt mean?— Egad! I'll ſplit my Lungs, before I let thee reſt.—I'll ſcold it out with thee to the purpoſe, faith! Tell me, I ſay, what Diſeaſe doſt mean, that thou ſay'ſt I'm troubled with

Wilmot. Why, you pou

tatchy, ſtertling, jowering, prinking, mincing Theng, chell tell tha what Diſyeaſe. Is dedn't me-an the Boneſhave, ner the Heartgun, ner the Allernbatch that tha had'ſt in thy Niddick. 'Tes better twar, Vor than Oant *Annis Moreman* coul'd ha' bleſſed vore, and net ha' pomſter'd about et, as Moather ded.

Thomaſin. What Diſyeaſe than, ya gurt Haggage?

Wilmot. Why, e'er zince tha wart Twanty, Zæwnteen, and avore, tha haſt a be' troubled wey tha Dæul-vetch tha.

Thomaſin. What's me-an by thet, ya long-hanjed Meazel? Diſt hire ma? Tha call'ſt ma ſtertling Roil now-reert.—How dedſt thee ſtertlee upon the Zeſs laſt Harveſt wey the young *Dick Vrogwill*, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd?—He told ma the whole Fump o' the Beſneze.

Wilmot. O! the very Vengance tear tha! Deſt thee tell me o' *Dick Vrogwill?*—Why thee art in a Ninniwatch e'ery other Torn, nif zo be tha deſt bet zet Zeert in *Harry Vurſdon.*

Thomaſin. How! ya gurt chounting, grumbling, glumping, zowerzapped, yerring Traſh!

Wilmot. Don't tel me o' glumping: Oll the Neibourhooden knowth thee to be a veaking, blazing, tiltiſh Huſſey.

ing, touchy, wriggling, brawling proud Minx, I'll tell thee what Diſeaſe. I did not mean the Rheumatiſm, nor the Hyſterics, nor the old Boils, that that thou had'ſt in thy Neck. I were better ſo; for then Aunt *Anis Moreman* could have made a Charm for it, and not have uſed ſo many ſlops and ſalves about it as mother did.

Thomaſin. What Diſeaſe then, you great Sloven?

Wilmot. Why, ever ſince thou wert Twenty, ay Seventeen, and before, thou haſt been troubled with the Devil-take-thee.

Thomaſin. What's mean by that, you long-gutted Sow? Doſt hear me? thou called'ſt me wriggling Hoyden juſt now.—How didſt thou wriggle upon the Mow laſt Harveſt with the young *Dick Frogwell*, when *George Furze* ſtacked the Hay!—He told me every Circumſtance of the Affair.

Wilmot. O! Vengeance take thee? Doſt thou tell me of *Dick Frogwell?*—Why thou art in a Fool's Anxiety every now and then if thou doſt but get a Sight of *Harry Furſdon.*

Thomaſin. How! you great taunting, grumbling, ſulky, crabbed, yelling Slut!

Wilmot. Don't tell me of Sullenneſs: All the Neighbourhood knows thee to be a fretful, backbiting, teſty Huſſy.

Thomaſin. And thee art a crewnting, querking, yeavy, dugged-yeſs, chockling Baggage.

Wilmot. Net zo chockling, ner it zo crewnting, as thee art, a colting Hobby-horſe!—Nif tha deſt bet go down in the Paddick, to ſtroak the Kee, thee wut come oll a gerred, and oll horry zo vurs tha art a vorked; ya gerred teal'd panking, hewſtering Mea-zel! —Thee art a ſkittiſh Sture jeſt a yoaked tha wouldſt boſt any keendeſt Theng, tha are ſo vore-reet; nif Vauther dedn't ha-ape tha.

Thomaſin. Ay, ay! *Keſter Moremau* wou'd ha be hove up, nif zo be a had a had tha; a toteling, wambling, zlottering, zart-and-vair Yheatſtool.

Wilmot. Ay, and zo wou'd tha young *George Vuzz*, mun, whan a hada had a rubbacrock rouze a bout, platvooted, zidlemouth'd Swaſhbucket.—Pitha deſt thenk enny Theng will e'er vittee or gooddee wey zich a whatnozed, haggle-tooth'd, ſtare-baſon, timerſome, rixy, wapper'ee'd Theng as theee art?

Thomaſin. Deſt hire ma? Oll the Crime o' the Country goth, that whan tha livſt up to tha Cot, tha wert the Old *Rager Hill's* Under Bed-blonket. And more 'an zo, that tha wart a chittering, raving,

Thomaſin. And thou art a gaunting, broken-winded, heavy, draggled tail, hectoring Baggage.

Wilmot. Not ſo hectoring, nor yet ſo grunting, as thou art, a romping Hobby-horſe! —If thou doſt but go down into the Park, to Milk the Cows, thou will come home all bemired, and all dawbed, as high as thou art forked; you dirtytail'd, panting, wheeſing Sow!—Thou art like a giddy Steerjuſt yoked. Thou wouldſt break every Sort of Utenſil, thou art ſo heedleſs, if Father did not check thee-

Thomaſin. Ay, ay! *Chriſtopher Moreman*, would have been rarely off; if he had had thee; a loitering lolling, ſlopping, ſickly Idler.

Wilmot. Ay, and ſo would the young *George Purſe*, Woman when he had got a ſluttiſh, reſtleſs, ſplayfooted, wrymouthed Slattern.——Prithee, doſt think any thing will go well or proſper with ſuch a red-noſed, haggle tooth'd, bare-faced, headſtrong, quarrelſome, goggle-eyed Thing as thou art?

Thomaſin. Doſt hear me? All the Report of the Country is, that when thou lived'ſt up at the Cottage, thou wert the Old *Roger Hill's* Bed Blanket. And moreover, that thou wert a tattling, backbiting, ſcan-

racing, bozzom-chuck'd rigging, lonching, haggaging Moil.

Wilmot. How! ya confunded Trapes! tell me enny more o' *Roger Hill's* Bed Blonket, ad! chell pull the Poll o' tha; chell plim tha, chell vulch tha. Looks zee,—*Roger Hill* es as honeſt a Man as enny in *Challacomb*;—no Diſpreiſe.

Thomaſin. And do thee tell me o' ſtertling upon thee Zeis, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd, chell gi' tha a Lick.—chell lay tha over the Years wey the Vire-Tongs. Ad! chell ting tha. Thy buzzom Chucks were pretty vittee avore tha mad'ſt thyzel therle, and thy Vleſh oll wangery, and thy Skin oll vlagged, with nort bet Agging, and Veaking, and Tiltiſhn ſs.

Wilmot. Bed-blonket ake-ther! Ha! zey zich a Word more chell cotten thy Waiſte-coat, Chell thong tha, chell gi' tha zich a Strat in tha Chups, ya Grizzledemundy.

Thomaſin. Me a Strat in the Chups? Deſt hire ma? Come aneeſt ma, chell pummel tha, chell vag tha, lace tha.

Wilmot. Thee lace ma? Chem a laced well-a-fine a-ready.—Zey wone Word more, and chell breſh tha, chell tan tha, chell make thy Boddiſe pilh ee.

daliſing. blubber-cheeked, wanton, ſtraddling, ſlovenly Mule.

Wilmot. How! you confounded Trapes! Tell me any more of being *Roger Hill's* Bed-Blanket, egad! I'll pull thy Poll; I'll threſh thee, I'll thump thee. D'yeſee,—*Roger Hill* is as honeſt a Man as any in *Challacomb*; and no Diſparagement to any by the Compariſon.

Thomaſin. And do thou tell me of wriggling upon the Mow, when *George Furze* pitched, I'll belay thee over the Ears with the Fire-Tongs. Egad! I'll tingle thee. Thy blowſy Cheeks were pretty healthy before thou madeſt thyſelf lank, and thy Fleſh all flabby, thy ſkin all wrinkled, with nothing but Snarling, and Fretting, and Teſtineſs.

Wilmot. Bed-Blanketquoth her! Ha! ſay ſuch a Word again, I'll cotten thy Waiſt-coat. I'll flog thee, I'll give thee ſuch a Slap in the Face, you ſneering Fool.

Thomaſin. Me a Slap in the Face? Doſt hear me? Come near me, I'll box thee, I'll fag thee, I'll lace thee.

Wilmot. Thee lace me? I'm laced well enough already.—Say one Word more, and I'll bruſh thee, I'll tan thee, I'll threſh the Duſt out of thy Stays.

Thomaſin. How a man a zed! Make my Booddize pilmee? Ad! if e'er tha ſqueakeſt wone Word more o' tha Bed-Blonket, chell trim tha, chell crown tha, chell vump tha.

Wilmot. Why dedſt thee, than, tell me o' tha Zeſs, or et of tha Hay-pook, as tha dedſt whileer?—Chell drub tha, chell curry thy ſcabbed Yeſs var tha.

Thomaſin. And why deſt thee, than tell me 'Ilſterday o' loſing my Rewden Hat in the Rex-Buſh, out a whorting? And more 'an zo, that the young *Tom Vuzz* ſhou'd leave his Cod-Glove!—Ad! zey a Word more o' the young *Tom Vuzz*, chell baſte tha, chell ſtram tha, chell draſh tha;—chell make thy Kopp hoppee, wi' thy *Vlanders Lace* upon't.

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Thomaſin. Gi' me a Zwop?—Ad! chell gi' tha Wheeſet, or a Slat in tha Chups,—or up wi' thy dugged Coats, and tack tha greaſy Yeſs o' tha.

Wilmot. Thee tack ma;

Thomaſin. How a manly Threat indeed? Threſh the Duſt out of my Stays! Egad! if ever thou ſqueakeſt one Word more of the Bed-blanket, I'll trim thee, I'll break thy Head, I'll thump thee.

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Thomaſin. And why did'ſt thou, then, tell me yeſterday of loſing my ſtraw Hat in the Ruſhes, when out gathering of Whorts? And moreover, that the young *Tom Furze* ſhould leave his Hedging-Glove? — Egad! ſay one Word more of the young *Tom Furze*, I'll ſtram thee, I'll threſh thee;—I'll make thy Cap hop, with thy *Flanders Lace* upon it.

Wilmot. Flanders Lace! what doſt mean by that! Tell me again of *Flanders Lace!* I'll make thy Head addle. I'll up with my Fiſt, and give thee a Box on the Ear, and ſuch a Bounce as ſhall make thee feel me, mark my Word!

Thomaſin. Give me a Bounce? Egad! I'll give thee a Box on the Ear, or a Slap in the Chaps, or up with thy draggled Coats, and ſlap the greaſy A---e of thee.

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days. Th'art ſo deeve as a Haddick in chongy Weather. Or whan 'tesavrore or a ſcratch the le-aſt Theng out, or whan it ſnewth, or blunketh, or doveth, or in ſcatty Weather, or in a tingling Vroſt, than tha'art theckliſted, and ba hang'd to tha.

Wilmot. And thee art a lams'd in wone o' thy Yearms, and caſſent zee a ſheen in thy Reert Ee.

Thomaſin. Rex buſh !—Fath ! tell me o' tha Rex buſh, ye teeheeing Pixy !—Es marl whoſe more vor Rigging or Romping, Steehoping, Ragrowtering, Giggleing or Gambowling than tha art thyzel.—Pitha, diſt'nt remember whan tha com'ſt over the Clam wi' the old *Hugh Hoſegood*, won tha Wawter was by Stave; how tha velſt in and the old *Hugh* drade thee out by tha yorked End, wi' thy dugged Clathers up zo vur as thy Na'el, whan tha wart juſt a buddled.

Wilmot. Lock ! deſt dwallee, or tell doil ?—Pitha tell reaznable, or hold thy Popping, ya gurt Waſha-mouth.

before Daybreak. Thou art as deaf as a Haddock in changeable Weather. Or when 'tis froſty, or at leaſt Ice appears, or when it ſnows, or ſleets, or thaws, or in ſhowery Weather, or in ſharp Froſt, then thou art ſhort-breathed, hang thee !

Wilmot. And thou art lamed in one Arm, and canſt not ſee a Ray of Light in thy Right Eye.

Thomaſin. Ruſhes!—Faith! tell me the Ruſhes you titter-ing Elf—I wonder who is more for Wantoning or Romping, Capering, Clothes-rumpling, Giggleting, or Gamboling, than thou art thyſelf.—Prithee, doſt not remember when thou comeſt a-croſs the narrow Plank Bridge with the old *Hugh Hoſegood*, when the Water was as high as the Board, how thou tum-bledſt in, and the old *Hugh* drew thee out by the Legs, with thy dirty Clothes as high as thy Navel, when thou wert almoſt drowned.

Wilmot. Lack-a-day ! doſt ſpeak deliriouſly, or talk wildly ? Prithee talk reaſona-bly, or hold thy Gabble, you great Blabber.

So ends the firſt Bout.

AN EXMOOR SCOLDING.

BOUT THE SECOND.

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE.

Wilmot. DIST hire ma, Dem! Chell ha tether Vinny wi' tha—Tha told'ſt ma nowreert, or a whilere, of Rigging and Rumping, Steehopping, and Ragrowtering, Giggleting, Gomboiling. What's me-an by thate? But thee, theee wut ruckee up, and ſquattee, and doattee in tha Chimly Coander lick an Axwaddle; and wi' tha zame tha wut rakee up, and gookee and tell doil, tell dil-drams and Buckingham Jenkins.—Av, ay, poor *Andro Vurſdon* wud ha' had a rigmutton Rumpſtall in tha, nif tad net ha' be' ſtrat. A wud ha' had a coad, Riggleting, Parbeaking, Piping, Body in tha; olwey wone Glam or nether. And more an zo, thare's no Direct to hot tha tell'ſt. Tha wut feb et heartily. Na, tha wut lee a Rope up-reert. Chad a moſt a borſt me Guts wi' laſſing, whan's zeed tha whilere trapeſee hum from tha *Yeoanna Lock*, thy Shoes oll beſh---t, thy Hozen muxy np zo vurs thy Gammerels to tha very Huckſheens o' tha, thy Gore Coat oll a girred, thy Head Clathing oll a fouſt, thy Waiſtcoot oll horry, and thy Pancrock a kiver'd wi' Briſs and Buttons.

TRANSLATED.

Wilmot. DOST here me, Slut? I'll have t'other S-t-to with thee — Thou toldſt me juſt now, or a ſhort Time, ſince, of Wantoning and Romping, Capering, Clothes rumpling, Giggleting and Gamboling. What doſt mean by that? But thou, thou wilt crouch, and quat, and ſlumber in the Chimney Corner, like an Aſh raker and forthwith thou wilt rouſe, and ſtretch, and yawn, and ſtrangely tell out-of-the-way ſtories, and the Tale about Jenkins of Buckingham. Ay, ay, poor *Andrew Furſdon* would have had a wanton Harlot in thee if the Match had not beee broken. He would have had a coughing, rittling, belching, wheezing Perſon in thee; always one Ailment or other. Andmoreover there's nodownright Truth in what thou ſayeſt. Thou wilt fib it heartily. Nay, thou wilt lie a Rope upright.* I had almoſt burſt my Sides with laughing, when I ſaw thee a little while ſince draggle home from the *Sheep pen*, thy Shoes all beſh--t, thy Stockings miry above thy Ancles to thy very Hams, Petticoat all dirtv, thyHeadclothes all ſoiled, thy Jacket all bedawbed, and the Earthen Pan covered with Duſt and Sheep-Dung.

* To *lie a Rope upright* contains a Pun on the Word *Lie*, and means the telling ſuch a Lie as implies a Contradiction in itſelf; or what is as impoſſible to be true, as for a Rope which lies on the Ground to ſtand upright at the ſame Time.

Thomaſin. Why thare zo! Bet diſt net thee thenk, ya long-hanged Trapes, that tha young *Joſy Yeaffield* wud' ha' be' plaſad, when a had zitch a crewdling Theng as thee art? Eart lunging, eart ſquatting upon thy tether Eend. Zey ort to tha, why tha wut twitch up thy Teal, and drow up thy Noaze, and take Owl o', or take Pip o'. Nif won zey the le-aſt Theng out, tha wut purtee a Zennet arter.

Wilmot. How, Huſſey! ya confounded Traſh! Diſt remember whan tha wenſt out in tha Vuzzy-Park, in tha Deſk o' tha Yeaveling, juſt in the Dimmet, wi' tha young *Humphrey Hoſegood*,—and how a mulled and fouled about tha? He bad tha zet down;—and tha zedſt tha wudſt net, nif he dedent blow tha down. Zo ha blow'd, and down tha valſt. Who ſhud be hard by (vor 'twas in tha Dimmet) bet tha Sqare's Bealey.—and voreway ha cry'd out thet *oll Windvall's belonged to his Meaſter*. Wi' tha zame, tha ſpletteſt away—down tht Pennet, hilter ſkilter;—as if tha Dowl had ha' be' in tha Heels o' tha.

Thomaſin. O the Dowl ſplet tha! who told theckee Strammer?

Wilmot. Why, 'twas thee

Thomaſin. Well be it ſo! But doſt not thou think, you long-gutted Trollop, that the young *Joſeph Heathfield* would have been pleaſed, when he had ſuch a ſickly Thing as thou art. Now lounging, then quatting on thy Bum. Say ought to thee, thou wilt twitch up thy Tail, and toſs up thy Noſe, and take all ill, or march off. If one ſay the leaſt Word amiſs, thou wilt pout a Week after.

Wilmot. How, Huſſey! you confounded Traſh! Doſt remember when thou wenteſt out in the Furzy-Park, in the Duſk of the Evening, juſt before dark, with the young *Humphrey Hoſegood*; and how he hugged and grappled about thee? He bade thee ſit down; and thou ſaid'ſt thou wouldſt not, if he did not blow thee down. So he blew, and down thou falled'ſt. Who ſhould be near, (for it was juſt at Duſk) but the Squire's Bailiff, and forthwith he cried out that *all Windfalls belonged to his Maſter*. With the ſame thou ſtrideſt away—down the Pens—helter ſkelter—as if the Devil had been in the Heels of thee.

Thomaſin. O! the Devil ſplit thee! who told thee that Bouncer?

Wilmot. Why, 'twas thou

thy own zel up to Rooling o' Terra's.

Thomaſin. Oh! a Plague confound tha? deſt tha thenk ees ded tell't to tha to ha' et a drode vore agen? Well, tes well a fine.—Es can drow vore worſe Spalls than thet to thee; —Ad es cud rep tha up.

Wilmot. What, a Dowl, and be hang'd to tha, canſt tha drow vore to me?

Thomaſin. How many Times have es hoard and zeed tha pound Savin, to make Metcens and Leckers, and Caucheries, and Zlotters.— 'Tes good to know vor why vore.

Wilmot. Oh! a Plague rat tha! Ya mulligrub Gurgin! ya ſhug Meazle!—Th' art good vor nort bet a Gapesneſt. A guttering, hawchamouth Theng! Whan tha com'ſt to good Tackling, thee wut poochee, and hawchee, and ſcrumpee: tha wut not look vor Lathing, chell warndy; and nif et be Loblolly, tha wut ſlop et all up.

Thomaſin. How a Man a zed! How deſt thee poochee and hawchee, and ſcrumpee, whan tha young *Zaunder Vurſdon* and thee ſtey'd up oll tha Neert a roaſting o' Taties? pritch tha vor me! — Why, than tha wut be a prilled, or

thyſelf, when we were, placing Turfs on Shelves to dry.

Thomaſin. O! a Plague confound thee! doſt think I told it to thee to have it thrown out again? Well, 'tis all right.—I can throw out worſe Reproaches than that againſt thee;—Egad! I could rip thee up.

Wilmot. What, the Devil, (hang thee!) canſt thou throw out to me?

Thomaſin. How often have I heard, and ſeen thee, pound Savin, to make Medicines, and Liquors, and Mixtures, and Slops.—'Tis eaſe to gueſs the Reaſon.

Wilmot. O! Plague rot thee!—You ſulky Mealgrub! you ſelfiſh Hog!—Thou art good for nothing but to be ſtared up. A guttling wide-mouthed Thing! When thou comeſt to good Victuals thou wilt ſtuff thy Mouth, and ſlabber, and ſcranch: thou wilt not look for Invitation, I warrant thee, and if it be Spoon Meat thou wilt gulp it all up.

Thomaſin. How manfully ſaid! How doſt thou ſtuff, and ſlabber and ſcranch, when the young *Alexander Furſdon* and thou ſtaid up all Night roaſting Potatoes! Puniſh thee for me.—Why then thou wilt be fretting and ſulky for a Week

a muggard, a Zennet curreert, and more an zo, thee wut rowcaſt, nif it be thy own Vauther. Nif tha beeſt a zend to Vield wi' tha Drenking, or ort, to tha Voaken, whare they be ſhooling o' Beat, handbeating or anglebowing, nif tha com'd athert *Roger Hoſegood*, tha wut lackee an over while avore tha com'ſt, and ma' be net Trapeſee hum avore th Deſk of the Yeavling, ya blowmaunger Baarge! Oll vor palching abont to hire Lees to vinedra Voaks. Whan tha goaſt to tha melking of tha Kee, in tha Vuzzy Park, thee wut come all a dugged, and thy Shoes oll mux, and thy Whittle oll beſh--. Tha wut let tha Cream-Chorn be oll horry, and let the Melk be buckard in blundering Weather.

Wilmot. Tell me o' *Rager Hoſegood*, chell make tha Kep hoppee,—Ay, ay, es marl hot to tha Vengance tha young *Zaunder Vurſdon* wud ha had to do wi' tha. Vor why? Tha has no Stroil ner Docity no Vittineſs in enny keendeſt Theng.—Tha cortſt tha natted Yeo now-reert, or be leetle rather, laping o'er the Yeoanna Lock; (Chell tell Vauther o't zo zoon es ha comath hum

outright; and moreover, thou wilt beſparter the Character of thy own Father. If thou art ſent to Field with the Liquor, or any thing, for the Work-Folks, where they are ſhoveling of Peat, clod-breaking, or angle bowing, † if thou comeſt athwart *Roger Hoſegood*, thou wilt be wanting a long time before thou returneſt, and perhaps not trapes home till the Duſk of the Evening, you blubber-cheeked Hog! All for loitering about to hear Lies to inſinuate Scandle againſt Folks. When thou goeſt to milk the Cows in the Furzy-Park, thou wilt come all draggled, and thy Shoes all muddy, and thy Cloak all beſh—, Thou wilt let the Cream-churn be all mouldy, and let the Milk grow ſour in Thunder Weather.

Wilmot. Tell me of *Roger Hoſegood*, I'll make thy Cap hop.—Ay, ay, I wonder what in the Name of Vengeance, the young *Alexander Furſdon*, would have done with thee if he had had thee. For why? Thon haſt no Activity nor Docility in any Sort of Buſineſs.—Thou cauteſt the hornleſs Ewe juſt now, or but a little while ſince, leaping over the Sheep-pen, (I'll tell

† *Angle-Bowing*, a Method of fencing the Grounds wherein Sheep are kept, by fixing Rods like Bows with both Ends in the Ground (or in a dead Hedge) where they make Angle' with each other.

vrom Angle-bowing, don't queſſon't Hot ded tha Yeo do, whan tha had'ſt a corten by tha heend Legs o'en— bet vurſt ha button'd;—'tes a Marl tad net a valled into tha Pancrock, as uzeth to do, ! but thof ha ded viggee, and potee, and trowſee, and tervee and louſtree, and ſpudlee, and wriggled, and pawed; and wraxled; and twined, and rattled, and teared, vig vig, vig, vig, yeet rether than tha wudſt ha enny more Champ, and Hoſtler, and Tanbaſt wi' en, tha tokſt en, and deſt wetherly boſt tha Nek o'en.

Thomaſin. And nif tha deſt piek Prates upon me, and tell Vauther o', chell tel a ſweet Rabble-rote upon thee, looks zee. Vor whan tha ſhudſt be about tha Yeavling's Chuers, tha wut ſpudlee out the Yewmors, and ſcreedle over mun: And more and zo, tha wut roily eart upon wone, and eart upon another, zet Voaks to bate, lick a gurt Barge as tha art: and than Getter *Rager Sherwill* he muſt qualify't agen. When tha art zet agog, tha deſent caree who tha ſculleſt: Twos a ways thy Uze; and chem ageſt tha wut zo avore thy Eend. Tha haſt tha very Daps o' thy old Ount *Sybly Moreman* upazet.

Father of it as ſoon as he comes home from Angle-bowing, don't diſpute it) What did the Ewe do, when thou hadſt caught it by the hind Legs.--(but firſt it dunged 'tis a wonder it had not fallen into the Earthen Pan as it uſed to do); but tho' he did ſcrape, and kick, and toſs, and ſtruggle, and buſtle, and ſpuddle, and wriggled, and pawed, and wreſtled, and rattled, and tore, vig, vig, vig, vig, yet rather than thou wouldſt have any more Sucfle, and Huſtle, & Struggle wi h it, thou tookeſt it, and didſt wilfully break the Neck of it.

Thomaſin. And if thou doſt pick Prates upon me, and tell Father of it, I'll tell a ſweet Rabblerote upon thee, mark me. For when thou ſhouldſt be about thy Evening Employments, thou wilt ſpuddle out the Embers, and huddle over them: And moreover thou wilt rail now againſt one, and then againſt another, ſet Folks to quarrel like a great ſwine as thou art; And then Gaffer [Grandfather] *Roger Sherwell* he muſt make a Reconciliation. When thou art ſet agog, thou deſt not care whom thou ſcoldeſt: 'Twas always thy Coſtom; and I'm afraid thou wilt continue ſo till Death. Thou haſt the very Actions of thy old anut *Sybilla Moreman* to a Tittle.

Wilmot. Why, ya gurt Roil, chant zo bad's thee. Tha wut ha' a Hy to enny Keſſen Soul. Than tha wut chocklee, and bannee, and blazee, and roundſhave enny body that deth bet zey Ay to tha. Tha wudſt buy tha Cot up to Town rather than thy Live, but tha haſſent tha whareway; and tha wudſt kiſs tha Yeſs of *George Hoſegood* to ha'en; but tha haſent tha Why for Ay.

Thomaſin. How! ya gurt Mulligrub Gurgin?

Wilmot. And thee art a longhanged blow-monger Baarge vor telling me o' *Neckle Halſe*, and tha Sqare's Bealy, and the Zeſs.

Thomaſin. And thee art a confounded Traſh vor telling me of an Under Bed-Blonket, and o' pounding Savin, and making Caucheries and Slotters wi't. Tha art a *Beagle*, Chun, pritch tha! vor anether Trick. Chad in my Meend and zo chave ſtill. But chawnt drow et out bevore thabegenſt agen, and then chel.

Wilmot. Why, you great Romp, I am not as bad as thou. Thou wilt call after any Chriſtian Soul. Then thou wilt hector, and abuſe, and defame, and reproach any one that doth but ſay Ay to thee. Thou haſt a great Wiſh to buy the Cottage up at the Town as thou haſt to live, but thou hoſt not the Means; and thou wouldſt kiſs the Backſide of the Young *George Hoſegood* to have him, but thou haſt not Fortune enough.

Thomaſin. How! you great ſulky Mealgrub?

Wilmot. And thou art a long gutted blubber cheeked Hog, for telling me of *Nicholas Halſe*, and the Squire's Bailiff, and the Hay-Mow.

Thomaſin. And thou art a curſed good for-nothing Creature, for telling me of an Under Bed-blanket, and of pounding Savin, and making Mixtures and Slops with it. Thou art a noiſy *B-tch?* Quean, torture thee for another Trick. I had it in my Mind, and ſo I have ſtill. But I ſhall not reproach thee with it before thou begineſt again, and then I will.

Wilmot. Heigo! Mrs. *Hi-goſhit! a Beagle?* And hot art thee? Tha wut drow, and hen, and ſlat,—ſlat tha Podgers, ſlat tha Crock, ſlat tha Keeve and Jibb, boſt tha

Wilmot. Heyday! Mrs. *Arrogant!* A noiſy *B-tch?* And what art thou? Thou wilt throw, and fling, & daſh, daſh the Porringers, daſh the Kettle, daſh the Tub and the

Cloam. Tha haſt a moſt a ſtinned e'ery earthly Thing in tha Houze, Abſleutly tha aat bygaged. Ay, ay, Ont *Magery* was Death tha near vor tha. Her moort ha' vet et, hif zo be tha had net let her totee up and down zo ort.

Thomaſin. Why there low! *Bygaged!* And hot dedſt thee do bet jeſt now-reert? Tha henſt along thy Torn, tha wud'ſt ha' borſt en to Shivers, nif chad net a vuog en, and pung'd en beck agen. Than tha wut ſnappy, and than tha wut caniffiee, and tha wut bloggy.

Wilmot. And hot art thee? A brocking Mungrel, a ſkulk-Meazel!—And yet avore oll good-vore nort bet ſcollee, avore tha art a hoazed that tha caſt ſcarce yeppy. Petha deſt thenk enny Thing will goodee or vittee wi' enny zitch a Trub es thee art.—tha deſt net caree to zey thy Praers! — bet — wut ſtrammee, and fibbee, and blazee, and bannee: And more an zo, wut coltee and riggee wi' enny Trolubber that comuth athert tna. And whan tha deſt zey mun, 'tis bet whilſt tha art ſcrubbing, hewſtring, and rittling abed. And nif by gurt Hap tha deſt zey mun at oll, thy Marra-

Stiller, break the Earthen Ware. Thou haſt almoſt deſtroyed every earthen Urenſil in the Houſe. Abſolutely thou art bewitched. Ay, ay, Aunt *Margery* was haſtened out of the World by thee. She might have recovered from her Illneſs, if thou hadſt not been idle, and ſuffered her to totter about ſo often.

Thomaſin. Why, remark that! *Bewitched!* And what didſt thou but juſt now? Thou flungeſt along thy Spinning-Turn, thou wouldſt have broken it in Pieces, If I had not caught it, and puſhed it back again. Then thou wilt ſnarl, and then thou wilt weedle, and then thou wilt ſulk.

Wilmot. And what art thou? An unruly Jade, a ſkulking Swine! And nevertheleſs, good for nothing, but ſcolding till thou art ſo hoarſe that thou canſt ſcarce yelp. Prithee doſt think any thing will proſper or go well with any ſuch Wretch as thou art.—Thou doſt not care to ſay thy Prayers.—but—wilt lie, and fib, and ſcandalize, and defame; And moreover wilt romp and wanton with any Clown that comes athwart thee. And when thou doſt ſay them, it is only when thou art ſcratching, and coughing, and wheezeng in Bed. And, if by great Chance thou doſt

bones ſhan't kneelee, — thof tha caſt ruckee well a fine. — 'Tes a Marl if e'er tha comſt to Hewn only to zey men, zence tha ne'er zeſt men, chell warndy, but whan tha art half azlape, haf-dozy, or ſcrubbing o' thy ſcabbed Yeſs, whan tha art a coal-varting abed, ya gurt Dollipot! —— Tha hosn't tha ſenſe to ſtile thy own Dreſſing. Vor why, et wel zet arter tha, either antlebeer lick tha Doorns of a Door, or wotherway twel zet elong or a weewow, or oll a puckering. Tha zedſt twos ſquelſtring and whot while'er. Ad! tha wut be mickled and ſteeved wi' tha Cold vore *'T Andra's Tide*, Chun, nif tha deſſent buy tha a new Whittle.

Thomaſin. Why, ya gurt Kickhammer Baggage! thee art good vor no Sauce. Tha wut net break the Cantlebone o' thy tether Eend wi' chuering, chell warndy; tha wet net take et zo vreache, ya ſauntering Troant!

Wilmot. Heigo! ſaunteringTroant than! Vor why vor deſt tell wone, than, o' tha Rex-buſh, and tha Hey-pook, and tha Zeſs.

Thomaſin. And why vore deſt thee drow vore zitch Spalls to me?—Go, pey tha Score vor tha Lecker tha haſt

ſay them at all, thy Marrow-bones ſhall not kneel,—though thou canſt crouch very well. —'Tis a wonder if ever thou goeſt to Heaven for ſaying thy Prayers, ſince thou never ſayeſt them, I'll warrant, but when thou art half aſleep, half-drowſy, or ſcrubbing thy ſcabbed A--e, when thou art f--ting abed, thou great Lubber.——Thou haſt not the Senſe to iron thine own Linen. For it will ſet juſt like thine own Perſon, either in Angles like the Door-Tops, or otherwiſe it will ſet ſlanting or zig-zag, or all puckered. Thou ſaid'ſt it was ſultry and hot juſt now. Egad! thou wilt be numbed and ſtiffened with the Cold before *St. Andrew's Tide*, Quean, if thou doſt not buy a new Cloak.

Thomaſin. Why, you great ſtammering Baggage! thou art good for nothing. Thou wilt not overſtrain thyſelf with hard Work, I'll warrant, thou wilt not take it in hand ſo readily, you loitering Idler!

Wilmot. Heyday! loitering Idler! Wherefore didſt tell me then of the Ruſhes, and the Hay-rick, and the Mow?

Thomaſin. And why didſt thou throw out ſuch Reproaches againſt me? Go & pay the Score for the Liquor that thou

a had zo ort in thy Teening Bottle ——There's a Rumple, Chun!

Wilmot. Nif tha young *George Hoſegood* had a had tha, he murt a hozed in a little Time. Ha wud zoon ha' be' condidled.—Yeet avore oll, avore Voak, tha wut luſtree, and lowzee, and chewree, and bucklee, and tear, make wiſe, as any body paſſath; but out o' Zeert a ſpare Totle in enny keendeſt Theng.

Thomaſin. Why, thare's Odds between Sh—ing and Tearing wone's Yeſs. Wone muſſent olways be a boaſtering, muſt a?——But thee—thee wut ſteehoppee, and colty, and hoppy, and riggy wi' enny Keſſon Zoul: Oll vor whiſtering and piſtering, and hoaling, and halzening, or cuffling a Tale.

Wilmot. Ad! tell me o' hobbing and rigging, chell vlee to tha' Kep o' tha.

Pulls her Cap.

Thomaſin. Oh!—oh!——Mo-ather!—Mo-ather!——Murder!——Oh! Mo-ather!—Her ath a chuk'd ma wi' tha Chingſtey.——Es verly beleive es ſhall ne'er vet et.——And nif's don't vet et, looks zee, in a Twelvemonth and a Dey, Cuzzon *Keſter Broom* ſhall zee tha a treſt up a Ground.—He ſhall zee tha zwinged, fath!

had ſt ſo often in thy Tin Bottle.——There's a hard Reckoning, Quean!

Wilmot. If the Young *George Hoſegood* had married thee, he would have been finely off in a ſhort Time. He would ſoon have had his Subſtance ſquandered. Nevertheleſs before Folks, thou wilt buſtle, and ſtir, and work, and labour, and do all pretendedly, while a ſtranger ſees thee; but out of Sight thou art a mere drone in every Thing.

Thomaſin. Why there's odds between Sh—ing and Tearing one's A—e. One muſt not always be Buſtling, muſt us?—But thou, thou wilt caper, and romp, and ſkip and wanton with any Chriſtian Soul: Always whiſpering and backbiting, and railing and predicting ill news, or goſſiping.

Wilmot. Egad! tell me of wantoning and romping, I'll fly at thy Cap.

Thomaſin. Oh!—oh!——Mother!—Mother!—Murder!—Oh! Mother!—She has ſtrangled me with the Chin-ſtay.——I verily believe, I ſhall ne'er ſurvive it.——And if I do not ſurvive it in a twelvemonth and a Day, Couſin *Chriſtopher Broom* ſhall ſee thee hang'd.——He ſhall ſee thee ſwing, faith!

Enter the Old Julian Moreman.

Julian. Labbe, labbe, Soze, labbe.——Gi' o'er, gi' o'er:—*Tamzen* and thee be olways wother egging or veaking, jawing or ſneering, blazing or racing, kerping or ſpeaking cutted, chittering or drowing vore o' Spalls, purting or jowering, yerring or chounting, taking own o' wone theng or pip o' tether, chockling or pooching, ripping up or roundſhaving wone tether, ſtivering or grizzling, tacking or buſking, a prill'd or a muggard, blogging or glumping, raaring or ſnapping, vrom Candle-douting to Candle-teening in the Yeavling,——gurt Hap elſe.

Julian. Looſen, let go, Folks, part.——Give over, give over: ‡—*Thomaſin* and thou always either provoking or vexing, jawing or ſneering, defaming or raking up old Sores, carping or ſpeaking ſharply, tattling or throwing out Reproaches, ſulking, or jarring, bawling or taunting, talking one ill thing or another amiſs, hectoring or pouting, expoſing or reproving each other, outdaring or grinning, ſlapping or puſhing, fretful or ſullen, pouting or gloomy, mocking or ſnarling, from the time the Candle is put out to the Time it is lighted in the Evening,—great Chance elſe.

So ends the SCOLDING.

AN EXMOOR CORTSHIP.

PERSONS.

Andrew Moreman, a young Farmer	*Old Nell* Grandmother to *Margery*
Margery Vagwell, his Sweethear	*Thomaſin*, Siſter to *Margery*.

SCENE.----------*Margery's* Home.

To Margery enter Andrew.

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE.

Andrew. HOW goeth et, Cozen *Margery?*

Margery. Hoh! Cozen *Andra* how d'ye try?

Andrew. Come, let's ſhake Honds, thof Kiſſing be ſcarce.

Margery. Kiſſing's plenty enow; bet chud zo leefe kiſs the Back o' ma Hond es e'er

TRANSLATED.

Andrew. HOW goes it Couſin *Margery?*

Margery. Oh! Couſin *Andrew* how do you thrive?

Andrew. Come, let us ſhake Hands, though Kiſſing be ſcarce.

Margery. Kiſſing is plenty enough, but I would as willingly kiſs the Back of my Hand

‡ Speaking to Wilmot who had pulled Thomaſin's Cap.

a Man in *Challacomb*, or yeet in *Parracomb*, no diſpreze.

Andrew. Es dont beleive thate yeet es beleive well too.

Margery. Hemph!—Oh! tha vary Vengeance out o' tha! —Tha haſt a creem'd ma Yearms, and a moſt a boſt ma Neck.·····Well, bet, vor all, how doſt try, es zey, Cozen *Andra?* Es hant a zee'd ye a gurt while.

Andrew. Why, fath, Cozen *Magery*, nort marchantable, e'er zince es ſcoaſt a Tack or two wey *Rager Vrogwell* tether Day.—Bet zugs! es trem'd en and vagg'd en ſo, thate he'll veel et vor wone while.

Margery. How, Cozen *Andra!* Why es thort you coddent a vort zo.

Andrew. Why, 'twos oll about thee, mun;—vor es chan't hire an eel Word o' tha.

Margery. How! about me!—Why, why vore about me, good zweet now?—Of a Ground ha can zey no Harm by ma.

Andrew. Well, well, no Mater, Es coudent hire tha a run down, and a roilad upon zo, and zet ſtill like a Mumchance, and net pritch en vort.

Margery. Why, whot, and

as any Man in *Challacomb* or in *Parracomb*, without Degradation.

Audrew. I do not believe that; and yet I believe eaſily too. [*Kiſſes her.*]

Margery. Hemph! O! the very Vengeance light upon thee! Thou haſt ſqueezed my Arms, and almoſt broke my Neck.—Well, but, notwithſtanding, how do you do, I ſay Couſin *Audrew?* I have not ſeen you a great while.

Andrew. Why, faith, Couſin *Margery*, not quite well, ſince I exchanged a Blow or two with *Roger Frogwell* the other Day.—But zooks! I trimmed and fagged him ſo, that he'll feel it for one while.

Margery. How, Couſin *Andrew*! Why I thought you could not have fought ſo.

Anerew. Why, 'twas all about thee, Woman;—for I cannot hear an ill Word againſt thee,

Maagery. How! about me! Why about me, good ſweet now? With Reaſon, he can ſay no ill of me.

Andrew. Well, well, no Matter, I could not hear thee degraded, and railed againſt ſo, and ſit ſtill like a dumb Fool, and not puniſh him for it.

Margery. Why, what

be hang'd to en, cou'd ha zey o' me, a gurt Meazel?

Andrew. Es begit tha Words now;—but ha roilad zo, that es coudent bear et.—Bet a dedent loſt hes Labour, ſath; vor es toz'd en es lamb'd en, es lac'd en, thong'd en, es draſh'd en, es drubb'd en, es tann'd en to the true Ben, ſath:—Bet ſtap! cham avore ma Stor.—Zeys I, *Thee art a pretty Vella!* Zes he, *Gar! thee caſſent make a pretty Vella o' ma.*——*No, agar,* zeys I, *vor tha art too ugly to be made a pretty Vella, thar's true enow.* Gar! a was woundly mad thoa—*Chell try thate* zes he.—*As zoons tho wut,* zes I.——Zo up a roze, and to't we went.——Vurſt a geed ma a Whiſterpoop under tha Year, and voreway a geed ma aVulch in tha Leer.——Ad! thoa es raked up, and tuck on be tha Collar, and zo box'd en, and zlapp'd en, that made hes Kep hoppy, and hes Yead addle to en.

(hang him!) could he ſay of me, a great Hog?

Andrew. I forgot the Words now;---but he railed ſo, I could not endure it.—But he did not looſe his Labour, faith! for I huſtled him, I beat him, I laced him, I flogged him, I threſhed him, I drubbed him, I thumped him to the purpoſe, faith!—But ſtop, I have not begun my Story:—Says I, *Thou, art a pretty Fellow!* Says he, *Egad! thou canſt not make a pretty Fellow of me.*——*No, Egad!* ſays I, *for thou art too ugly to be made a pretty Fellow, that's true enough.* Egad! he was highly provoked then.---*I'll try that,* ſays he.—*As ſoon as thou wilt,* ſays I.—So up he aroſe, and at it we went.—Firſt he gave me a box in the Ear, and forthwith he gave me a blow in the Flank.——Egad! then I arouſed, and ſeized him by the Collar, and ſo boxed him, and ſlapped him, that I made his Cap hop, and his Head addle.

Margery. Well, es thenk ye, Cozen *Andra,* vor taking wone's Peart zo.—Bet cham ageſt he'll go vor a Varrant vor ye, and take ye bevore tha Cunſable; and than ye mey be bound over, and be vorſt to g' in to *Exter* Zizes; and than a mey ſwear tha Peaſe of es, you know.—Es

Margery. Well, I thank you Couſin *Andrew,* for taking my Part ſo.——But I am afraid he'll go for a Warrant for you, and take you before the Conſtable; and then you may be bound over and be forced to go at *Exeter* at the Aſſizes; and then he may ſwear the Peace of us, you

en et better to drenk Vriends and make et up?

Andrew. Go vor a Varrant! Ad! let en, let en go; chell net hender en: Vor there's *Tom Vuzz* cen take his cornoral Oath that he, begun Vurſt. ——And nif he deth, chell ha' as good Varrant vor he, es a' cen vor me, don't queſſon et: Vor the Turney into *Moulton*, knowth me, good now, and hes had zome zweet Pounds o' Vauther bevore ha dy'd. And hif he's a meended to go to La, es cen ſpend Vorty or Viſty Shillings es wel's he. And zo let en go, and wipe hot a ſets upon a' Zendeys wey hes Varrant.—Bet hang en, let's ha nort more to zey about en; vor chave better Bezneze in Hond a gurt deal.

know.——Is it not better to drink and be Friends, and make it up?

Andrew. Go for a Warrant! Egad! let him, let him go; I'll not hinder him. For there is *Tom Furze* can take his corporal Oath, that he began firſt. And if he doth, I'll have as good a Warrant for him, as he can for me, do not doubt it: For the Attorney at *Moulton* knows me good now, and has had ſome ſweet Pounds of Father before he died. And if he has a mind to go to Law, I can ſpend forty or fifty Shillings as well as he. And ſo let him go, and whipe what he ſits upon on Sundays with his Warrant.---But hang him, let us have nothing more to ſay about him; for I have better Buſineſs in Hand a great deal.

He takes hold of her and Paddles in her Neck and Boſom.

Margerv. Come, be quite; ---be quite, es zey, a grabbling wone's Tetties.---Es wont ha' ma Tetties a grabbled zo; ner es wont be mulled and fouled.——Stand azide; come, gi' o'er.

Andrew. Lock, lock! How ſkittiſh we be now! you werrent ſo ſkittiſh wey *Keſter Hoſegood* up to *Daraty Vuzz's* Up-zetting.---No, no, you werrent ſo ſkittiſh thoa, ner ſo ſqueamiſh nether.----He murt mully and ſouly tell a wos werry.

Margery. Come, be quiet; ---be quiet, I ſay, grappling one's Breaſts.---I will not have my Breaſts grappled ſo; nor will I be ſqueazed and rumpled.——Stand a ſide; come give over.

Andrew. Lack-a-day! how ſkittiſh we are now! You were not ſo ſkittiſh with *Chriſtopher Hoſegood* at *Darothy Furze's* Chriſtening.----No, no, you were not ſo ſkittiſh then, nor ſo ſqueamiſh nether.----He might ſqueeze and rumple till he was weary.

Margery. Es believe tha very Dowl's in tha Vokes vor leeing.

Andrew. How! zure and zure, you wont deny et, wull ze, whan all the Voken took Noteze o'et.

Margery. Why, Cozen *Andra*, thes wos the whole Vump o' the Beſneze.—— Chaw'r in wey en to daunce: and whan tha Daunce was out, tha Croud cry'd *Squeak, ſqueak, ſqueak, ſqueak,* (as a uzeth to do, you know) and a cort ma about tha Neck, and woudent be a zed, bet a would kiſs ma, in ſpite o' ma, do what es coud to hender en. ---Es coud a borſt tha Croud in Shivers, and the Crouder too, a voul Zlave as a wos, and hes Viddleſtick into the Bargain.

Andrew. Well, well, es b'ent angry, mun. And ſo let's kiſs and be Vriends.--- [*Kiſſes her*]---Well, bet, Cozen *Murgery*, oll thes while es hant told tha ma Arrant;--- and chave an over Arrant; to tha, mun.

Margery. [*Simpering*]Good zweet now, whot Arrant es et? Es marl whot Arrant ye can ha' to me.

Andrew. Why, vath, chell tell tha. Whot zignivies et ta mence tha Mater? Tes thet, *bolus, nolus*, wut ha' ma!

Margery. Ha' ma? Whos's

Margery. I believe the very Devil's in the Folks for lying.

Andrew. How! Surely you will not deny it, will ye, when all the Folks took Notice of it?

Margery. Why, Couſin *Andrew*, this was the whole Affair.—I were up with him to dance, and when the Dance was over, the Fiddle cried *Squeak, ſqueak, ſqueak, ſqueak,* (as it uſed to do you know) and he caught me about the Neck, and he would not be gainſaid, but he would kiſs me, in ſpite of me, do what I could to hinder him.---I could have broken the Fiddle in ſhivers, and the Fiddler too a baſe Villain as he was, and the Fiddle-ſtick into the Bargain.

Andrew. Well, well, I am not angry, Woman. And ſo let us kiſs and be Friends.--- [*Kiſſes her.* ---Well but Conſin *Margery*, all this while I have not told thee my Errand, and I have a great Errand to thee Woman.

Margery. [*Simpering.*]Good lack-a-daiſy, what Errand is it? I wonder what Errand you can have to me.

Andrew. Why, faith, I'll tell thee. What ſignifies to mince the Matter? 'Tis this, *bolus, nolus*, wilt have me.

Margery. Have me? what'a

ate? Es cant tell whot you
e-an by thate.

Andrew. Why, than, chell
ll tha vlat and plean. Ya
how es kep *Challacomb*-Moor
Hond; tes vull ſtated: But
ham to chonge a Live for
ee Yallow beels. than
erc's tha Lant up to *Parra-*
mb Town: And whan es be
Parracomb, es muſt ha'
one that es can treſt to look
ter tha gerred teal'd Meazels
d to zar tha Ilt and tha Bar-
a, and ſtroke the Kee to *Chal-*
acomb, and to look arter tha
Thengs o' tha Houze.

Margery. O Varjuice!
Why, Cozen *Andra*, a good
eady Zarrant can do oll thes.

Andrew. Po, po, po! chell
treſt no Zarrants. And more
and ſo, than they'll zey by
he, as they ded by Gaffer
Hill tether Day: *They made*
wo Beds and ded g' into wone.
——No, no, es bant zo mad
ether.——Well, bet, look,
leſt zee, Cozen *Margery*, zo
ur vore es tha wut ha' ma,
hell put thy Live 'pon *Par-*
acomb-Down. Tes wor twon-
y Nobles a Yer and a Puſs to
ut men in.

Margery. O vile: whot,
harry?—No, chant ha' tha
eſt Man in *Challacomb* nor
eet in *Parracomb*. Na, chell
e'er marry, vor ort's know.
No, no; they zey thare be

that? I cannot tell what you mean by that.

Andrew. Why, then, I'll tell thee flat and plain. You know I keep *Challacomb*-Moor in Hand 'tis full ſtated: but I am to change a Life for three Guineas. And then there is the Land at *Parracomb* Town: And when I am at *Parracomb*, I muſt have one that I can truſt to look after the Hogs, and to attend the Sows and the Barrow Pigs, and milk the Cows at *Challacomb*, and to look after the Houſhould Affairs.

Margery O Vurjuice! Why, Couſin *Andrew*, a good ſteady Servant can do all this.

Andrew. Poh, poh, poh! I'll truſt no Servants.--- And moreover, then they'll ſay by me, as they did by Gaffer *Hill* the other Day:----*They made two Beds and did go into one.*——No, no, I am not ſo mad neither.——Well, but mark me, Couſin *Margery*; upon condition that you will have me, I'll put thy Life upon *Parracomb* Down. 'Tis worth Twenty Nobles a Year and a purſe to put them in.

Margery. O Vile! what marry? No, I'll not have the beſt Man in *Challacomb* nor yet in *Parracomb*, Nay, I ſhall never marry, for aught I know. No, no, they ſay

more a marry'd aready than cen boil tha Crock o' Zindeys. —— No, no Cozon *Andra*; es coud a morſt zwear chudent ha' tha beſt Square in oll Ingland.—— Bet come; prey, Cozen *Andra*, zet down a lit. Es muſt g' up in Chamber, and ſpeak, a Word or two wey Zeſter *Tamzen*. Hare's daring up of old Blonkets, and rearting tha Peels, and ſnapping o' Vleas.—Es ell come ogen preſently.

Andrew. Well, do than; bet make Haſted'yezee. Mean time chell read o'er the new Ballet chave in ma Pocket.

Margery. New-Ballet! O good now, let's hire ye zing et up.

Andrew. Zing!—No, no; tes no zinging Ballet, mun; bu tes a godly one good now.

Margery. Why, whot's 't about than.

Andrew. Why, tes about a Boy that kill'd hes Vauther; and how hes Vauther went agen, in Chape of a gurt voul Theng, wey a cloven Voot, and Vlaſhes o' Vire, and troubled the Houze zo, that tha Whatjecomb, tha Whit-Witch, wos vorſt to ley en in the Red-Zea; and how the Boy repented, and went diſtracted, and wos taken up, and wos hang'd vor't, and zung Sams, and zed hes Pra-

there are more married already than can boil the Pot on Sundays.——No, no, Couſin *Andrew*, I could almoſt ſwear I would not have the beſt Squire in all England. ——But, come; pray, Couſin *Andrew*, ſit down awhile. I muſt go up in the Chamber and ſpeak Word or two with Siſter *Thomaſin*. She is mending old-Blankets, and righting the Pillows, and cracking the Fleas.---I'll come again preſently.

Andrew. Well, do then; but make haſte, d'ye ſee.---Meanwhile I'll read over the new Ballad I have in my Pocket.

Margery. New Ballad! Pray, let's hear you ſing it?

Andrew. Sing? —— No, no, it's no Singing-Ballad, woman; but 'tis a godly one.

Margery. Why, what is it about then?

Andrew. Why, it is about a Boy that killed his Father; and how his Father's Ghoſt appeared in Shape of a great Evil being, with a Cloven Foot, and Flaſhes of Fire, and troubled the Houſe ſo, that the what-d'ye-call-him, the white-witch, was obliged to lay him in the Red Sea; and how the Boy repented, and ran diſtracted, and was apprehended, and was hanged for it, and ſung Pſalms, and ſaid

ers. 'Twill do your Heart good to hire et, and make ye cry like enny Theng.—There's tha Picture o' en too and tha Parſon, and the Dowl, and tha Ghoſt, and tha Gallows.

Margery. Bet es et true, beſure?

Andrew. True? O La! Yes, yes; es olways look to thate. Look zee, tes here in Prent.—*Liſſen'd according to Order.*—That's olways Prented on whot's true, mun. Es took care to ſee thate whan es bort en.

Margery. Well, well, read et; and chell g' up to Zeſter.

his Prayers. 'Twill do your Heart good to hear it, and make you cry rarely.--There's the Picture of him too, and the Parſon, and the Devil, and the Ghoſt, and the Gallows.

Margery. But is it true, ſurely?

Andrew. True? O Lack! Yes, yes; I always look to that. See, 'tis here in Print. ---*Licenſced according to Order.* ---That's always Printed on what is true, Woman. I took care to ſee that before I bought it.

Margery. Well, well, read it; and I'll go up to Siſter.

SCENE———The Chamber.

To Thomaſin enter Margery.

Margery. OH! Zeſter *Tamzen!* Odd! ee es a come along, and vath and trath hath a put vore tha Queſſon to ma a' ready.—Es verly believe tha Banes wull g' in next Zindey—Tes oll es ho' vor.——Bet es tell en *Marry aketha!* and tell en downreert es chant marry tha beſt Man in *Sherwell* Hunderd. ——Bet deſt tha hire ma, Zeſter *Tamzen*, dont thee be a Labb o' tha Tongue in what cham going to zey, and than chell tell tha zomething:——The Banes, cham amorſt zure, wull gi' in ether a Zindey or a Zin-

Margery. OH! Siſter *Thomaſin*! Egad! he is come, and faith and troth hath put the Queſtion to me already.--I verily believe the Banns will be publiſhed next Sunday.--'Tis all I hope for.---But I tell him *Marry quotha!* and tell him downright, I ſhall not marry the beſt man in *Sherwell* Hundred.---But doſt thou hear me, Siſter *Thomaſin*, do not be a Blab in what I am going to ſay, and then I'll tell thee ſomething:---The Banns, I am almoſt certain, will be publiſhed either on Sunday, or Sunday ſe'nnight

dey-zenneert to vurdeſt. Es net aboo Two and Twonty; —a ſpicy Vella and a vitty Vella vor enny keendeſt Theng.---Thee know'ſt *Jo Hoſegood* es reckon'd a vitty Vella: Poo! Es a Zooterly Vella to *Andra*; there's no Compare.

Thomaſin. Go, ya wicked Counterveit! why deſt lee zo agenſt thy Meend; and whan ha put vore tha Queſſon, tell en tha wudſent marry?—Becides, zo vur as tha know'ſt, ha murt take Pip o', and meack off, and come no more aneaſt tha.

Margery. Go ya Alkitotle! ya purt vooleſh Trapes! Deſt thee thenk he beleev'd ma, whan es zed chudent marry? Ha es net zo zart-a-baked nether. Vor why? Es wudent be too vurward nether; vor then ee murt dra back. ——No, no; vor oll whot's zed, es hope tha Banes wull go in, es zey, next Zindey. ——And vath, nif's do vall over the Deſk, 'twont thir ma, nor yeet borſt me Bones. —Bet nif they do'nt g' in by Zindey-zenneert, chell tell tha, in ſhort Company, es chell borſt ma Heart.---Bet es muſt go down to en; vor he's by es zel oll thees while.

at fartheſt. He is not above Two and Twenty;—a ſpecial Fellow and a handy Fellow for any ſort of buſineſs.—Thou knoweſt *Joe Hoſegood* is accounted a dexterous Fellow: Poh! he is a lubberly Fellow to *Andrew*; there is no Compariſon.

Thomaſin. Go, you wicked Counterfeit! why didſt ſo belie thy Inclinations; and when he put the Queſtion, tell him thou wouldſt not marry?—Beſides, for aught you know, he might take it ill, and ſlip off and come no more near thee.

Margery. Go, you fooliſh Elf! you great ſilly Trapes! Doſt thou think he believ'd me when I ſaid I ſhould not marry? He is not undiſcerning neither. For why? I would not be too forward neither; for then he might draw back.—No, no, notwithſtanding what I ſaid, I hope the Banns will be publiſhed, I ſay, next Sunday.—And faith, If my Name is proclaimed from the Deſk, 'twill not frighten me, nor break my Bones.—But if they are not publiſhed by Sunday ſe'nnight, I confeſs, between ourſelves, I ſhall break my Heart.—But I muſt go down to him; for he is alone all this time.

SCENE ——The Ground Room again.

To Andrew enter Margery.

Andrew. WELL, Couſin *Margery*, cham glad ye're come agen: Vor thes Ballet es zo very good, thet et makes wone's Heart troubled to read et.

Margery. Why put et up han, while es git a Putcher o' Cyder. Wull ye eat a Crouſt o' Brid and Cheeze, Cozen *Andra.*

Andrew. No es thank ee, Cozen *Margery*, vor es eat a Crub as es come along; beſides, es went to Dinner jeſt avore. Well, bet, Cozen *Margery*, whot Onſer deſt gi' ma to tha Queſſon es put vore now reert.

Margery. Whot Queſſon was et?

Andrew. Why, zure, ya bant zo vorgetvul. Why tha Queſſon es put a little rather.

Margery. Es dont know what Queſſon ye me-an; es begit whot Queſſon twos.

Andrew. Why, to tell tha vlat and plane agen, twos thes: *wut ha ma or no?*

Margery. Whot Marry to Earteen?—— Es gee tha zame Onſer es geed avore, Es wudent marry the beſt Man in oll Ingland. Es cud amorſt zwear chud ne'er marry at oll.-----And more and zo,

Andrew. WELL, Couſin *Margery*, I am glad you are returned: for this Ballad is ſo very good, that it make one's Heart ache to read it.

Margery. Why, put it up then, while I get a Pitcher of Cyder, Will you eat a Cruſt of Bread and Cheeſe, Couſin *Andrew.*

Andrew. No, I thank you Couſin *Margery*; for I eat a Cruſt as I came along; beſides, I've juſt dined.—Well, but, Couſin *Margery*, what Anſwer doſt give me to the Queſtion I put juſt now?

Margery. What Queſtion was it?

Andrew. Why, ſurely you are not ſo forgetful. Why, the Queſtion I put a little while ſince.

Margery. I know not what Queſtion you mean; I forget what Queſtion it was.

Andrew. Why, to tell thee flat and plain again, 'twos this: *will you have me or no?*

Margery. What! marry at Eighteen?—I gave the ſame Anſwer I give before, I would not marry the beſt Man in all England. I could moſt ſwear I ſhall never marry at all.—And moreover, Couſin *An-*

Coſen *Andra*, cham told ya keep Company wey *Tamzen Hoſegood*, theck gurt banging, thonging, muxy Drawbreech; a daggle-teal'd Jade; a zower-zwop'd, yerring, chockling, Traſh, a buzzom-chuck'd haggaging, Moyle, a gurt Fuſtling, Hare as Trub! And hif tha keep har Company, es'll ha no more to z y to tha.

drew, I am told you keep Company with *Thomaſin Hoſegood*, that great bouncing, unweildy, dirty Sloven; a draggle-tail'd Jade; a ſour-tempered, yelling, ſcolding Slut, a blubber-cheek'd ſlatternly Mule, a great raw-bon'd Animal. She's a Trollop! And if you keep her Company, I'll have no more to ſay to thee.

Andrew. Ay, thes es *Jo Hoſegood's* Flim flam.---Oh, tha very Vengance out n'n.

Andrew. Ay, this is *Joe Hoſegood's* Invention, — Oh, Vengeance take him!

Margery. No, no; tes none of *Jo Hoſegood's* Flimflam; bet zo tha Crime o' tha Country goth.

Margery. No, no; 'tis not *Joe Hoſegood's* Invention; but ſuch is the common Report.

Andrew. Ah, bet twos *Jo Hoſegood's* zee ting vore in tha vurſt Place. Ha wull lee a Rope upreert.——Whan a hath took a Shord, and a paddled, ha wull tell Doil, tell Dildrams, and roily upon enny Keſſon Soul.---Ad! nif es come a thert en, chell gi' en a Lick;---chell ly en o'er tha Years:——chell plim en, chell toze en, chell cotton en, chell thong en, chell tann en;---chell gee en a Strat in the Chups;---chell vag en, chell trem en, chell draſh en, chell curry hes Coat vor en;---chell drub en, chell make hes Kep hoppy.---Ad! chell gee en zutch a Zwop!---chell gee en a Whappet, and a wherret, and a Whiſterpoop to:---Ad!

Andrew. Ay, this is *Joe Hoſegood's* ſetting forth at firſt. He will lie a Rope upright—When he has taken a Cup, and got fuddled, he will talk Nonſenſe, unaccountable Tales, and rail at any Chriſtian Soul.—And if I come athwart him I'll give him a threſhing: I'll box his Ears; —I'll thump him; I'll tuſſel him, I'll cotten him, I'll whip him, I'll tan him;—I'll give him a Slap on the Cheek;---I'll fag him, I'll trim him; I'll threſh him; I'll curry his Hide for him;—I'll drub him; I'll make his Cap hop. —Egad! I'll give him ſuch a Bounce!—I'll give him a Slap and a Cuff, and a Bol on the Ear too:—Egad! I'll baſte

chell baſte en to tha true Ben.

Margery. Lock, lock, lock! Cozen *Andra!* Vor why vore be in zitch a vuſtin Vume?—Why, es dont zey twos *Jo Hoſegood* zed zo, bet only ſo tha Crime o' tha Country goth.

Andrew. Well, well, Coſen *Margery*, be't how twull, what caree I?——And zo, Good-buy, Good-buy, t'ye. Cozen *Margery*—Nif Voaken be jealous avore they be marrid, zo they may arter.—Zo Good-buy Coſen *Margery*, Chell not trouble ye agen vor wone while chell warndy.

Margery. [*Calling after him.*] Bet hearky, hearky a Bit, Cozen *Andra!* Es wudent ha ye go awey angre nether. Zure and zure you wont deny to zee ma drink!—Why ya hant a taſted our Cyder yet. [*Andrew returns*] Come, Cozen *Andra*, here's t'ye.

Andrew. Na, vor that Matter, es owe no Ill-will to enny Keſſon, net I.—Bet es wont drenk nether, except ya vurſt kiſs and be Vriends.

[*Kiſſes her.*

Margery. Ya wont be a zed.—[*He Drinks.*]—Well, bet hearky, Cozen *Andra*, wont ye g' up and zee Grammer avore ye g' up to *Chal-*

him to the purpoſe.

[*Speaks in a great Paſſion.*

Margery. Lack-a-day! Couſin *Andrew!* Wherefore are you in ſuch a violent Heat. Why I do not ſay 'twas *Joe Hoſegood* ſaid ſo! but only that ſuch was the Report of the Country.

Andrew. Well, well, Couſin *Margery*, be it as it may, what care I?---And ſo God be with ye, God be with ye, Couſin *Margery.*---If Folkes are jealous before marriage, ſo they may be after.---So God be with ye, Couſin *Margery*, I'll not trouble you again for one while, I'll warrant ye.

Margery. [*Calling after him.*] But hearken, hearken, awhile Couſin *Andrew!* I would not have you go away angry neither. Sure, you will not refuſe to pledge me?---Why you have not taſted our Cyder yet. [*Andrew returns.*] Come, Couſin *Andrew*, here's t'ye.

Andrew. Nay, for that Matter, I owe no Illwill to any Chriſtian, not I.---But I will not drink neither. except we firſt kiſs and be Friends. [*Kiſſes her.*

Margery. You will not be gainſaid.-----[*He Drinks.*]---Well, but hearken Couſin *Andrew*, wont you go up and ſee Grandmother before you

lacomb?---Tes bet jeſt over tha Paddick, and along tha Park.

Andrew. Es carent much nif's do go zee old Ont *Nell.* ---And how do hare tare along?

Margery. Rub along, d'ye zey?---Oh! Grammer's wor Vower Hundred Pounds, reckon tha Goods indoor and out a door,

Anurew. Cham glad to hire et; vor es olways thort her to ha be bare Buckle and Thongs.

Margery. Oh! no, Mun; hare's mearty well to paſs, and maketh gurt Account o' me, good now.

Andrew. Cham glad to hire o' thet too. Mey be hare mey gee, tha a good Stub. Come, let's g'ender than.

go to *Challacomb?*---'Tis but juſt over the Paddock, and along the Park.

Andrew. I care not much, if I do go and ſee old Aunt *Nell.*----And how does ſhe rub along?

Margery. Rub along, d'ye ſay?—Oh! Granmother is worth Four Hundred Pounds, reckoning all the Goods within Door and without.

Andrew. I am glad to hear it; for I always thought her poor.

Margery. Oh! no, Man; ſhe's very well to do, and makes great Account of me.

Andrew. I'm glad to hear of that too. Perhaps ſhe may give thee a good Sum.——— Come, let us go yonder then.

SCENE———Old Grammer *Nell's.*

To her enter Andrew and Margery,

Andrew. Good Den, good Den, Ont *Nell*——Well, how d'ye try? How goth et wey ye?

Old Nell. Why, vath, Cozen *Andra*, pritty vitty, whot's chur. Chad a Glam or two about ma.—Chad a Crick in ma back and in ma Niddick. Thoa chur a lamps'd in wone o' ma Yearms. Tho come to a Heartgun. Voreway ſtruck out and come to a Barngun. Than come to an Allernbatch; and vore wey vell in upon ma bones, and come to a Boneſhave.——Bet e'er zence the Old *Julian Vrinkle* bleſſed vore, tes pritty vitty; and cham

Andrew. Good Evening, good Evening, Aunt *Nell.*—Well, how do you thrive?—How goes it with you?

Old Nell. Why, faith, Couſin *Andrew*, pretty well to what I were. I had a Sore or two about me.—— I had a Pain in my Back and in my Neck. Then I were lame in one of my Arms. Then it came to a Pain about the Heart. Forthwith it fell in upon my bones, and came to the Rheumatiſm.——But ever ſince the Old *Julian Wrinkle* made a Charm for it, 'tis tolerable; and I am come to my Appetite again.— Well but hearken, Couſin *Andrew;*

come to my meat-liſt agen.——Well, bet hearky, Cozen *Andra*, Es hire ya lick a lit about ma Cozen *Margery*; ay, and have ſmelled about her a pretty while. Chawr a told that ye ſimmer'd upon wone tether up to *Grace Vrogvill's* Bed Ale.—Well, Couzen *Andra*, twull do very well vor both. No matter how zoon. Cham oll vore, and zo chawr zo zoon's es hir'd o' et.——Hare's net as zome Giglets, zome prenking mencing Thengs be, oll vor Gamboiling, Rumping, Steehopping, and Gigleting; bet a tvrant Maid vor work, and tha ſtewarlieſt and vittieſt Wench that comath on tha Stones o' Moulton, no Diſpreiſe.

Margery. [*Softly aſide to her.*] Thenke ye, Grammer, thenke ye keendly.—And nif es ſhudent ha'en ſhould borſt ma Heart.———[*Aloud.*] Good Grammer, do'nt tell me of Marrying.—Chave a told Cozen *Andra* ma Meend aready, thet chell ne'er marry vor ort es know.

Old Nell. Stap hether, Cozen *Margery*, a lit, and tern theſe Cheeſen.—[*Pretendedly private to her.*] Go, ya Alkitotle, why deſt zey zo, tha wert ne'er Marry? Tha wutten ha tha leek; a comely ſprey vitty Vella vor enny keendeſt Theng. Come, nif tha wut ha'en, chell gee tha a good Stub.—There's net a ſpreyer Vella in *Challacomb*.

Margery. Bet, Grammer, wull ye be zo good's ye zey, nif zo be, vor your Zake, es vorce ma zel to et en lick a bit about ma?

Old Nell. Ay, es tell tha.——[*Aſide.*]—Cham ageſt hare'll dra n into a Promiſh wone Dey or vother.

Andrew. Well, Ont *Nell*, es hired vhot ya ſed, and es thank ye too.—Bet now chave a ſeed ye, tes zo ood chad a eat ye, as they uſe to y. Es muſt go home now as vaſt

I hear that you have a liking towards my Couſin *Margery*, ay, and have courted her ſome time. I was told that ye ſimpered upon each other when at *Grace Frogwell's* drinking Groaning-Ale.——Well, Couſin *Andrew*, it will do very well for both. No matter how ſoon. I am all for it, and ſo I was as ſoon as I heard of it.---She is not like ſome Giglets, ſome prinking, mincing Things, all for Gamboiling, Romping, Capering, and Wantoning; but an Active Maid for Work, and the moſt careful and decent Wench in the Neighbourhood of Moulton, no Diſparagement to any.

Margery. [*Softly aſide to her.*] Thank you, Grandmother, thank you kindly.—And if I ſhould not have him, I ſhould break my Heart. [*Aloud.*] Good Grandmother, do not tell me of marrying.—I have told Couſin *Andrew* my Mind already, that I ſhall never Marry for aught I know.

Old Nell. Step hither, Couſin *Margery*, awhile, and turn theſe Cheeſes.—[*Pretendedly private to her.*]—Go, you ſilly Elf, why didſt tell him ſo, thou wouldſt never marry? Thou wilt not have the like; a comely, ſprightly, clever fellow for any Thing. Come, if thou wilt have him, I'll give thee a good Sum.—There is not a more ſprightly Fellow in *Challacomb*.

Margery. But Grandmother will you be as good as your word, if for your Sake, I force myſelf to receive his Courtſhip?

Old Nell. Ay, I tell thee.——(*Aſide.*)——I am afraid ſhe will draw him into a Promiſe one Day or other.

Andrew. Well, Aunt *Nell*, I heard what you ſaid, and I thank you too.---But now I have ſeen ye, 'tis as well as if I had eaten ye, as they uſed to ſay. I muſt go home now

as can.---Coſon *Margery*, wont ye go wey ma a lit Wey.

Margery. May be es mey go up and ſee Ont *Moreman*, and may be es Mant. [*Exeunt.*

as faſt as I can. Couſin *Margery*, won't you go with me a little Way.

Margery. Perhaps I may go up and ſee Annt *Moreman*, and perhaps I may not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE——The open Country.
Enter Andrew followed by Margery.

Margery. AD! es'll zee en up to *Challacomb*-Moor Stile.---Now muſt make wiſe chawr a going to Ont *Moreman's*, and only come theez Wey. [*Aſide.*

Andrew. [*Spyingher.*] Cozen *Margery*, Cozen *margery!* ſtap a lit Whare zo vaſt mun? [*She ſtays*] Zo, now es zee ya be as good as yer Word; na, and better: vor tha ſedſt *mey be chell and mey be chont*.

Margery. Oh, ya take tha Worde tether Wey, Es zed *mey be chell and mey be chont goup and zee Ont moreman*. Es zed no more an zo. Es go thes Wey vor to zee hare, thet es oll. But chudent go zo vur to meet enny Man in *Challacomb*, ner *Parracomb*, ner yeet in oll King George's Kingdom, bleſs hes Worſhip! Meet the Menaketha!——Han! be quite, es zey, a ereeming a Body zo. And more an zo, yer Beard precketh illvavourdly. Es marle whot theſe gurt black Beards be good vor. Ya ha made ma Chucks buzzom.

Andrew. Well, whot's zey, Cozen *margery?* Chell put in tha Banes a Zendey, *bolus nolus*.

Margery. Then es ell vorbed min, vath.

Andrew. Oh! chell treſt tha vor thare. Es dont thenk you'll take zo much Stomach to yer ſel as to vorbed min avore ſo menny Vokes.---Well, Coſen *margery*, good Neart.

Margery. Coſen, *Andra*, good Neart. ------Es wiſh yo well to do.

Margeey. EGAD! I'll ſee him as far as *Challacomb*-Moor Stile. Now muſt I pretend I were going to Aunt *moreman's* and only come this Road. [*Aſide.*

Andrew. [*Spying her.*] Couſin *Margery*, Couſin *margery!* Stop a little. Where ſo faſt Woman? [*She ſtays.*] So, now I ſee you are as good as your Word: Nay, and better; for thou ſaid'ſt *Perhaps I ſhall, and perhaps I ſhall not*.

Margery. Oh, you take the Words wrong. I ſaid *Perhaps I ſhall, and perhaps I ſhall not go up and ſee Annt Moreman*. I ſaid nothing more. I go this Way to ſee her that is all. But I ſhould not go ſo far to meet any Man in *Chellacomb*, nor *Parracomb*, nor in all King George's Kingdom, bleſs his Worſhip! Meet the Man, quotha! ------Hah! be quiet, I ſay, ſqueaſing a Body ſo. And moreover, your Beard pricketh diſagreeably. I wonder what theſe great black Beards are good for. You have made my Chreks ruddy.

Andrew. Well, what doſt ſay, Couſin *magery?* I'll put in the Banns on Sunday, *bolus, nolus*.

Margery. Then I'll forbid them, faith.

Andrew. Oh! I'll truſt thee for that, I do not think you'll take ſo much Courage as to forbid them before ſo many Folks.---Well Couſin *margery*, good Night.

Margery. Couſin *Andrew*, good Night. ------I wiſh you well.

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